




The Gleaner 1986

Photo by Cammy Alcorn



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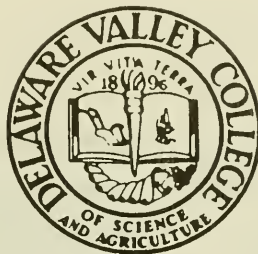
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The Gleaner

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Photo by Missy Brang

Well In Stride

*Well I'm no up and comer
and my life ain't been the best.
I've taken what I wanted
and left behind me all the rest.
I may not be a hero
on a western sunset ride
But I am my own person
and I take it well in stride.*

*Now I've been all around this world
and never left my home.
I've learned by observation
the meaning of "to each his own."
I've seen all kinds of people,
some with courage, some with pride
But each was his own person,
and they took it well in stride.*

*I take it well in stride
to be the best I can
And when I choose to let it slide
I keep it well in hand
I may not be a saint
I've got nothing here to hide
I make my own way day by day
I take it well in stride.*

James Plisco

Torn Sail

*You had a choice to make
and you chose to take the wrong stand.
So now you're not so sure
if you're going to be able to get back up
on your own two feet again.
The future is looking darker
and the consequences prevail.
The way it looks right now
you're out floatin' with a torn sail.
You say you realize that your choice was wrong.
But that's not going to help you out now,
while you're inside looking out.
Watching from behind the glass
as the world just passes along.
It's a little too late to wonder
and it's too late not to fail.
You can try to get away
but you won't get far on a torn sail.
I guess you'll just have to pick yourself up
and start over again.
There's little left to lose.
And who knows you just might gain some ground.
You have to live with your decision.
You can't go back and change it now.
Face the music,
because now it's either swim or drown.
And if the wind does blow your way
you might as well know right now.
A torn sail,
ain't gonna help you much anyhow.
Yeah, don't judge a book by its cover
until you've read through
to the end of the tale.
Because the moral of the story
says you won't get far
if the consequences prevail
Because the winds of your tomorrow
are blowin' on a torn sail.*

B.S.W.



Artwork by Laura Etzweiler



Photo by M.E.M.

The Truth

*It seems there's always something
We'd rather be by far
Rarely are we ever pleased
With who or what we are
We dream of fame and fortune
Of luxuries and such
Sacrificing along the way
Those things that mean so much
The key to being happy
Is not to shoot for stars above
But reach for realistic dreams
With someone that you love*

Arthur Hingst

Seasons

*Our lives are like the seasons,
We pass through each only once,
In the spring, We are born,
 It's the dawning of new life.
In the summer, We are growing
 To find the future ahead.
In the fall, We have reached our peaks,
 But have not fallen yet.
In the winter, Our lives come to an end,
 So then other sprouts must take our place.*

James Plisco



Photo by Grace Wells

*As the sun shines through the field
And the world again is real,
I feel the warmth of fantasy,
Coming from my dreams.*

*As the sun starts the day,
I feel the longing for gaiety,
And wish for a festivity,
To brighten up the gray.*

*For a gift of a friendly smile,
I would walk many a mile,
Of the toughest terrain yet known to man
Just to see it for a little while.*

*My heart is as a void,
Where nothing hopes to grow,
But if I had someone with whom to share my love,
There would be nothing of sorrow.*

*How can I put into words,
The things I feel inside.
The yearning for love, the fear of pain,
In my heart they all reside.*

*They wait and abide their time,
Waiting for someone special to come,
And change my life to happy times
So I'd no longer need to run
From my fears, from life itself,
From sorrow yet to come.*

*I wish for only happiness.
I wish for only love.
I wish only to make people smile
But I need help from above,
To shield me as a glove.*

John C. Buckingham, Jr.



Photo by Cammy Alcorn

Autumn

*Stand tall you beautiful trees
And show off your colorful array of leaves
For it is once again that time of year
When Autumn is again undoubtedly here
They look so distinguished as their colors unfold
Like an artist's brushstrokes of orange, red and gold
Yes this is one of my favorite seasons
And the trees alone are one of my reasons*

Maggie Ellis



Artwork by Missy Brangan



Photo by Brian Eshenaur

For Christine Marie

(Lemniscate)

*Fly as free as the wild geese,
Within the midnight sky.
Ride on the winds of innocence,
As autumn passes by.*

*Shoulder aside the twink'ling stars,
Your strength of wing's untried.
Beneath the sil'vry winter's moon,
The pain's of tears once cried.*

*Visions of the eternal quest
Shall guide the path you steer.
Needs of shelter, a friend, alone,
'Till journey's end draws near.*

*Again the geese through Lion fly.
An age is now undone.
The flight, alone no longer made,
For two now fly as one.*

Trystyn

Live In Peace

*Young children of this land,
Please live in peace.
For if not this experimental generation
Will soon be deceased.*

*Reach out your hands and have a heart
You are the ones that must find a
new start.*

*Science has brought forth new things
For the purpose of construction.
But our technology will bring us
to total destruction.*

*If we shall engage in nuclear war,
This beautiful world will never, never
be more.*

*So open your eyes and listen to me,
you must let love and freedom be.
Young children of the land, please live in peace.*

Julie Myers



Artwork by Missy Brangan



Photo by Grace Wells

Love Is A Mountain

*I travelled up Love's Mountain
Though I did not go that high
I shouted out my love for you
But there was no reply
I travelled down, but then I found
inspiration once again
To try to send my message
To my lover, to my friend
I started up the Mountain
As I'd done so recently
From fields of endless flowers
To where there grew no trees
I came to where I'd been before
And felt that I would stop
But thoughts of you renewed my strength
As I travelled to the top
Finally, high above the clouds
Where eagles dare to fly
I stood upon the pinnacle
Of Love's Mountain, oh, so high
Silently I wondered
As I stared across the sky
Would my true love hear me
Would there be a reply
This time emotion gripped me
So tight I could not speak
But my heart whispered soft "I Love You"
The valley's echoed endlessly*

Arthur Hingst

Under Water Blues

*All the lines are taken
all the words have been said
There seems to be no way to say
the thoughts that run through my head
I drown in the words of those
who wrote the words down first
Why is it that the words they chose
are the words for which I thirst
It seems I have no words of my own to choose
Or is it just another case of under water blues?
Just another fish in the sea
I struggle to survive
I fight the vicious rapids
just to stay alive
A boat upon the sea
A drop of water in a storm
flowing ever freely
yet forced to conform
Can't seem to keep my head
It seems the harder I try
I just seem to lose myself
Will I survive?
Could I really be washed out?
Could this all be true?
Or is it just another case
of under water blues?*

Bob Scot



Photo by Missy Brangan

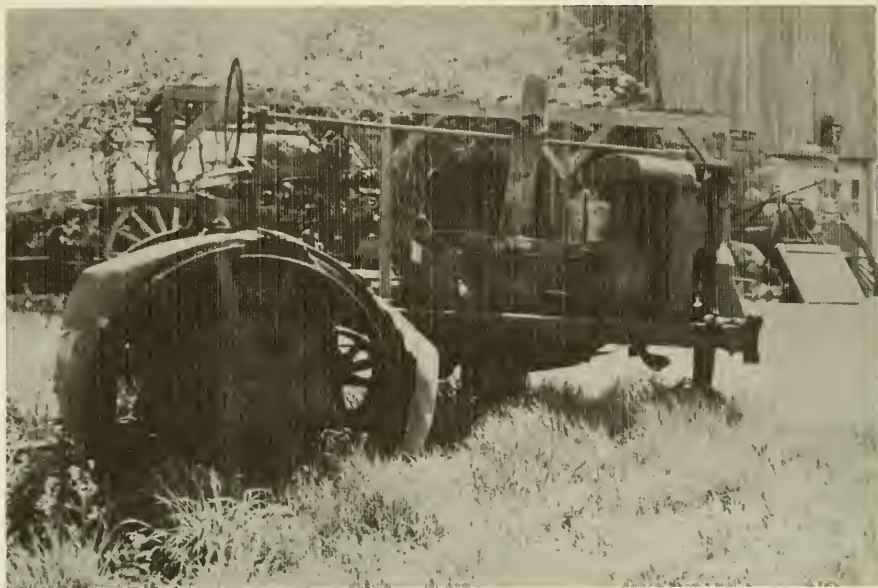


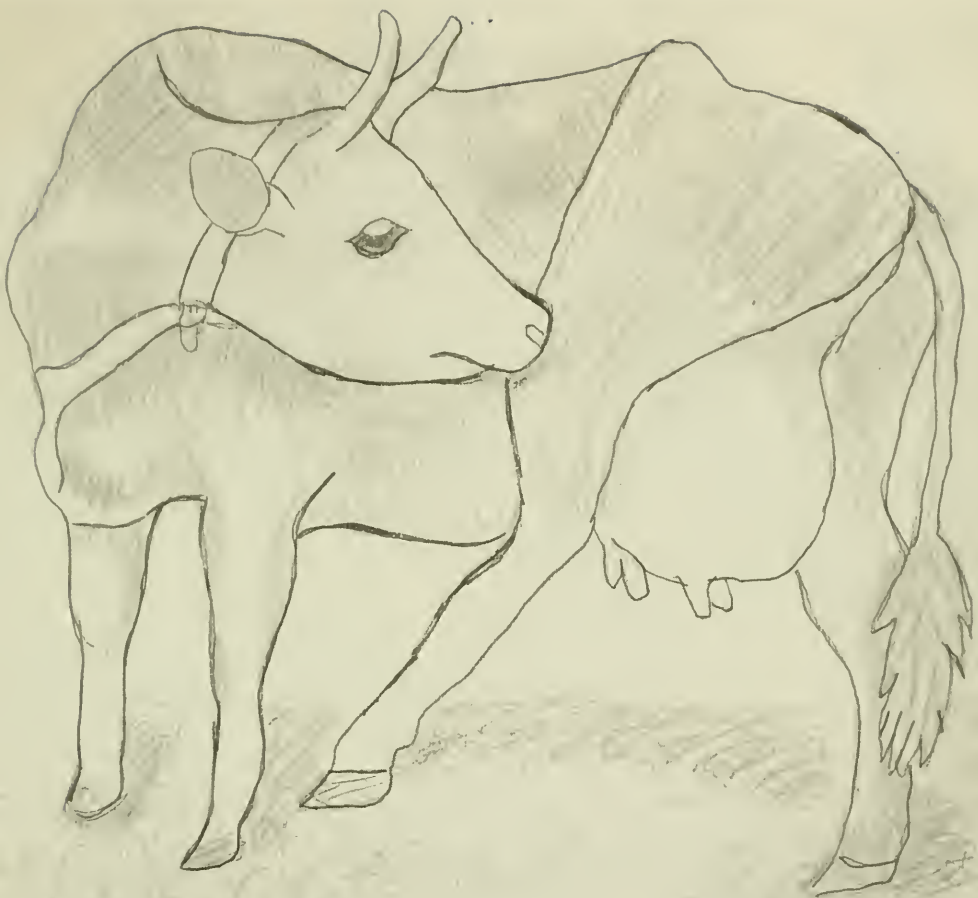
Photo by Maggie Ellis

The American Farmer

The American farmer has gotten the short end of the stick. He is an individual who not only works a job, he lives his job twenty four hours a day. It is a somewhat thankless job. A type of job that is more or less behind the scenes. He is not well known because he spends so much of his time with his land and animals. He doesn't have time to float around circles of high precedence. He has a job to do and he does it well. Very few other jobs have such an individual so devoted to his work. Maybe that's because the American farmer is one of the select few who can handle this very specific and demanding life.

It is amazing how the American farmer persists. He refuses to give up even when the odds are against him. He loves people, animals and the land. Farming is not a matter of economics. It is a matter of love, love for a way of life. It is true that the American farmer can stretch money as far as it can possibly go. How else is he to survive? Farming has many gambles — most of which are uncontrollable. And just remember, the next time that dish of food comes to the table, whose life, love and labor went into it — The behind the scenes individual; "The American Farmer."

Kenneth L. Muckenfuss



Artwork by Tracy Pentz

Ending The Depression

*There comes a time
in the heart of all people
A time to share the love within
For out in the world we find
Many that are cold and lonely
Who strive to be noticed
But often these poor people
try too hard to fill their needs
Relax people — love comes to everyone.
Love is something that cannot be made
It's something that has always existed
Love comes to those who are patient.
Many times we try too hard to find love
and wind up worse than when we started
This is the time to give up, for now.
Put those energies into something else
and love will come when unexpected
So this has been told to me.
By thinking and thinking, my friend
I've realized that this is very true
Get on with life, end the depression.*

James Plisco



Unseen Voice

*You linger through the vacant corridors.
Entrapped in space, an unconscious choice.
Frigid the air you leave behind.
Dwelling within my unconscious mind,
my unseen voice.*

Cammy Alcorn



Photo by Brian Eshenaur

The Jackhammer

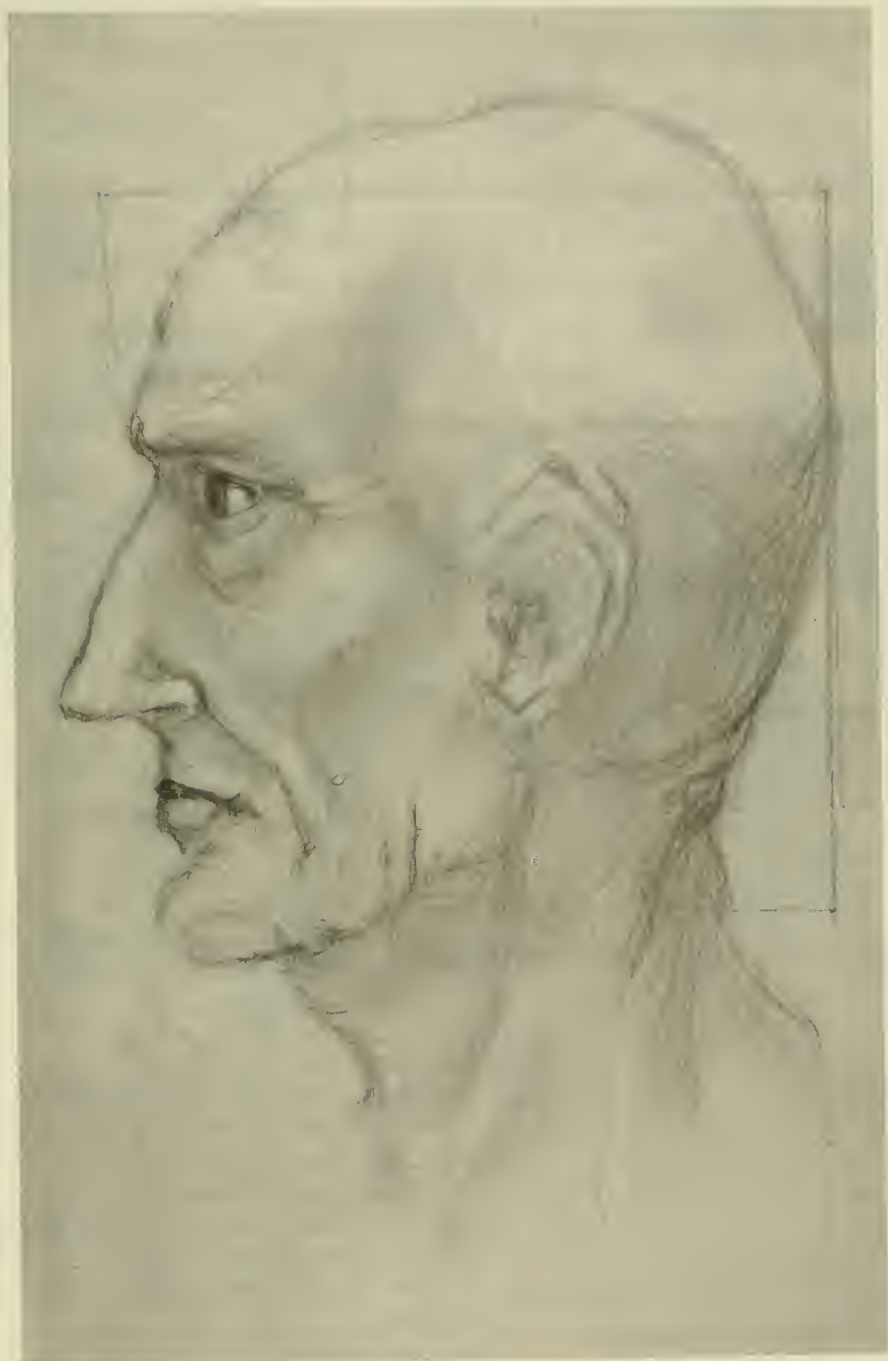
The winds blow over
The air is getting colder
The men press my button
 They sit back and lie
 While I'm ready to die
 They laugh in my face.

The hot summer sun
Beats down on the cold steel
It's getting warmer, warmer,
until it burns up.
Can I be the one
to think and feel,
or must the jackhammer pound away,
away, away, away, away?
The men, they stand and stare.
I'm running out of air
But I keep going along.

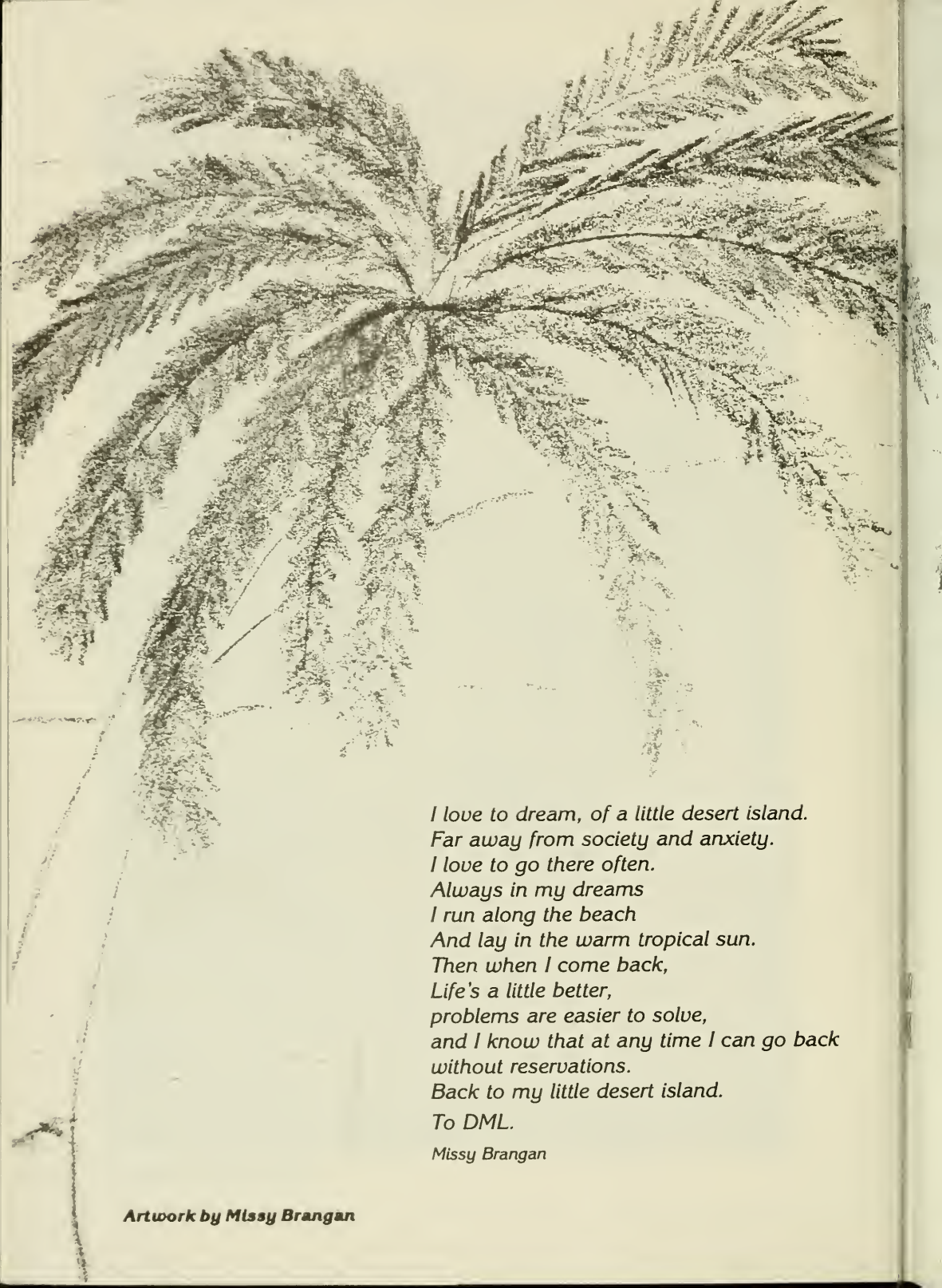
 The noose is getting tighter.
Well I feel just like a jackhammer
causing all the clamour
digging the hole
making my way along the road
 by p-p-p-pounding away.
But I've never knocked it up,
and I've found,
going down the line
That the jackhammer
is really a jackass,
a jackass, a jackass.
Well I feel like a jackhammer
'cause people keep telling me
to hit the road.

And I want to stop
but people keep telling me
t-t-to hit-t-t-t-t
the road
And I feel like a jackhammer
'cause I just keep hitting that road.

Peter Klier



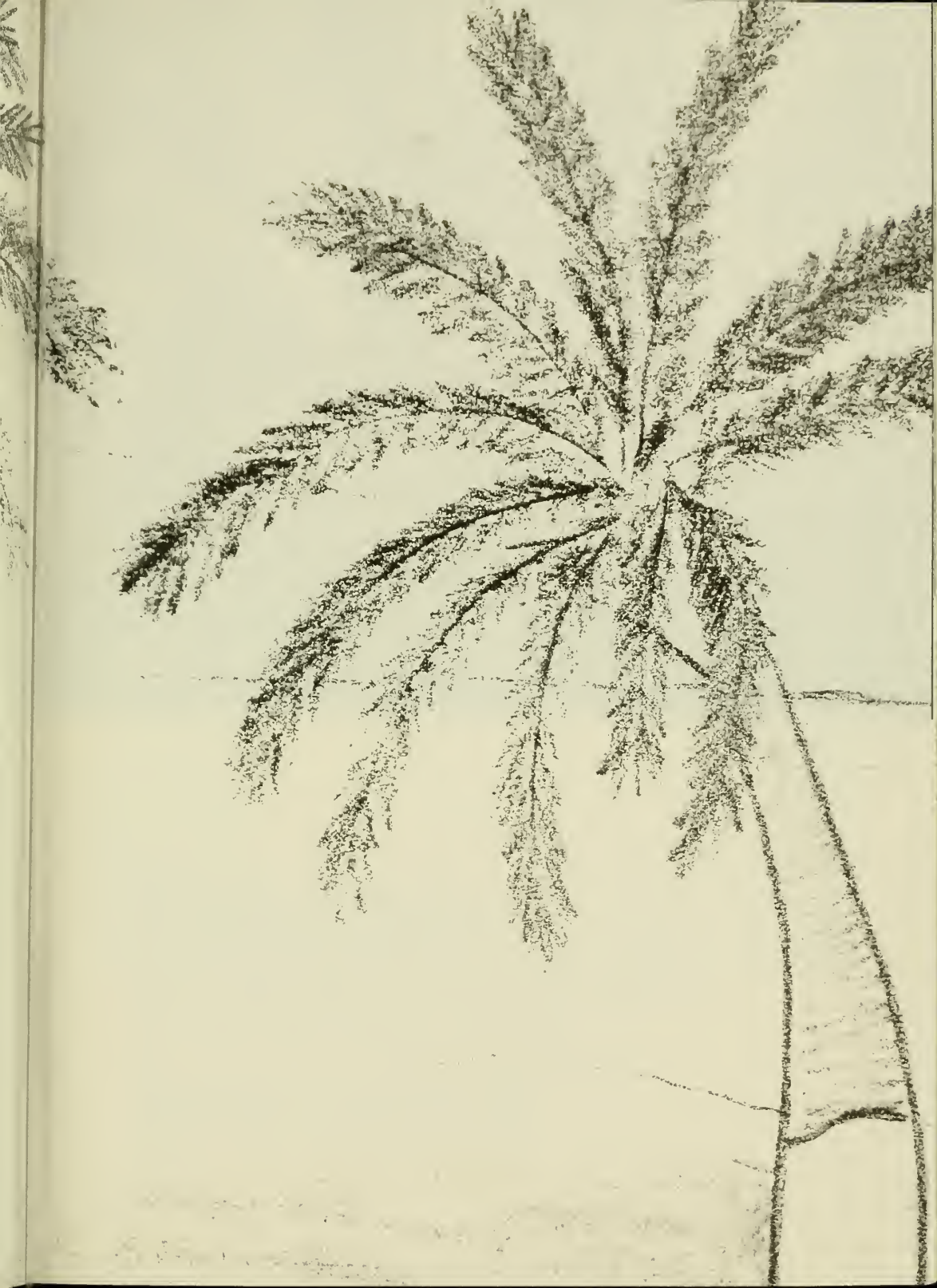
Artwork by Anonymous



*I love to dream, of a little desert island.
Far away from society and anxiety.
I love to go there often.
Always in my dreams
I run along the beach
And lay in the warm tropical sun.
Then when I come back,
Life's a little better,
problems are easier to solve,
and I know that at any time I can go back
without reservations.
Back to my little desert island.
To DML.*

Missy Brangan

Artwork by Missy Brangan



Always Look Up To The Trees

*Well it's been so rough getting started
on that long hard road.
And we may be finally rolling
but we've still got a long, long way to go.
The future's looking brighter ;
and the sun is shining through the trees.
But we still must leave the forest
We're not quite out of the woods just yet.
The underbrush is just below our knees
Making our own trails, going our own way
Our dreams are our goals and we'll make it someday
All we have to do is believe,
We may outdo the forest but we'll always look up to the trees*



Photo by Grace Wells

*Well we finally outdid the oakland,
and we like the lovely things we see.
Long rolling hills of green grass
and a promising road with no shelter for you, and me.
Hey, we finally made the grade, another step, another show.
But there's a storm growing on the horizon.
We could survive if we knew we had a place to go.
Out on our own now, meadows and hills
Riding the storm out, with no time to kill
We've finally got a place that we can go.
B.S.W.*



Photo by Maggie Ellis

The Loneliness of Childhood

*Now don't go in that closet
Scary it might be
They were a sweet family
Little him and loving three.*

*Then at age seven
They said she went to heaven
The first his heart would ache.
With cheeks against the window pane
For his father he would wait
One dark day Dad didn't come
And he was barely eight.*

*Grandma hugged and kissed him
Tried to make him fine
A nap she took, he couldn't wake
And he was only nine.*

*'Pack up,' 'Here I'll wait'
Stony stared, man from state.*

*Now to that closet he did walk
His heart began to churn
As he stood in lonely splendor
And watched the doorknob turn.*

*He entered into darkness
The door then closed again
He laid down with a heart that smiled
The day that he was ten.*

Carney



Photo by M.E.M.

The Meaning of Love...

*We need to know the meaning of love
For it is, indeed, over and above
The quest for life with which to survive
To keep our very hearts alive*

*Let us please believe in a
Brotherhood of man
And join together
As part of the plan*

*To demonstrate how easy
Our lives can be
When we've sincerely succumbed
To the harmony*

*That the happiness
We can find within
Is a reflection of
A belief in Him*

Maggie Ellis





Why I Still Believe

*I wonder why we are so distant and
yet I can still remember You're presence.
Maybe it's the laughter or a small smile
Sometimes I believe that what we have
is forever, only to learn that time never
stops and we have changed.*

*On a cold winter's night my haunting dreams are
of you.*

*It is a needed reassurance of your voice
for a sign of faith in me.*

The touch of your strong gentle hands.

A belief in the immortal triumph of the spirit.

What can be said for friendship that has grown.

*You are the anything and the everything
You have taken the crazy dreams of the past
and made them real.*

*You say black, I say white . . . Then a burst
of laughter at our own stubbornness*

You are a different breed apart, yet,

*You taught me that being different is the
best way to be.*

*No regrets, no tears, no pity for I shall
always respect you as a Man.*

A.R.W.

Heart's Desire

*The road to true love is a long and hard one
it has been traveled many times,
Seeing many hearts fall to the wayside,
But there are some hearts that continue;
Journeying farther down the road,
Taking the necessary risks and pursuing onward,
until . . .*

*The bends in the road run straight —
All opposing forces are defeated —
The sun shines brightly, lighting the way —
It is those hearts that finish,
That are truly the strong ones,
our hearts . . .
together!*

Ed Hennessey



Photo by Cammy Alcorn




Photo by M.E.M.

Never Again

*Can't hear the music.
Can't see the sky.
Can't feel the tears,
Running from my eyes.
Why must you be neglected
From all these precious things,
Never again to see the trees
Swaying in the wind, never
Again to see the dope,
That killed you my best friend.*

Vicky Mosby



Artwork by Anonymous

Frogs

*Frogs have class
Frogs have style
They have the capacity to rivet awhile
They can be edible
Sometimes forgettable
They come in various shapes and sizes
But are basically the same
Except maybe one
And that's my husband
He gave up his crown
But he'll always be a Prince to me
And the secret is ours eternally*

Maggie Ellis



Artwork by Maggie Ellis

The First Day of School

*I missed the little baby
When I met the little boy,
The trading of a rattle
For a shiny tinker toy.
Now standing here before me
As he goes to shake my hand,
His arms outstretched politely
Is my tiny little man.
I want to hug and kiss him
But he'll have no more of that.
He has a world to conquer
As he tugs his tiny hat.
He stands in open doorway
In sunlight bright and grand.
I can't see his tiny smile
Just his waving tiny hand.
He pets the dog, goes down the lawn
Then turns to wave again.
Then hurriedly he carries on
To meet a tiny friend.
Now I know he's turned the corner
And I've missed his last goodbyes,
But it's hard to see a tiny man
When you look through misty eyes.*

Carney

September 14th

*Remember that night in September,
When we danced the night away?
Who would think that we would still be together
To this very day.*

*Time has gone by quickly
But yet not much time has passed
I know my love has grown deeper
I think this one will last*

*You have a special way about you
That brings a smile to my face every day
I look forward to just saying Hello
Or spending time with you in any way
You're not only a lover but a friend
That's really important to me
I hope I'm the same to you,
A lover and a friend*

*The feeling 'I get when we are together
Fills my heart with joy
Does your heart feel the same,
Like you could love no other?*

*I want to hold your hand forever
Your sweet and gentle touch is new
Please love me like I love you
I know my love is true!*

C.A.F.



Photo by Missy Brangan



Artwork by Laura Etzweiler

The Apple Tree

Do you hear the wind whistle through the apple tree?

Can you believe in the sound it makes?

The knots of the bark are the testimony to time.

They have listened to all the old sad stories of every farmer.

*To the joyous laughter of the farmer's children playing in the high branches
looking over the land that one day they too shall love.*

Do you see the branches sway in the harsh stormy wind?

Can you believe they will withstand the beating of this storm?

The apple strap has beaten many a lesson into the family's son.

*They sweep down to touch the young boy and girl underneath their veil. The
children watch the world from the tree and they too will prosper and grow as
does the canopy of the apple tree.*

Can you see the red apples shiny in the early morning sun?

Can you believe that the fruit of the tree will last?

*They have started with small buds in the early spring and these bright fruits
on this dusty Autumn Day are a promise of a bright tomorrow.*

*"Can you believe another year has passed?" and "yes, I have grown strong
just like you, old apple. Because we are one from the same earth. I feed you,
the eater for you to live, and you give me the strength to live from your
fruits."*

Ann Whitesell

To Be Your Friend

*It was a late night in August.
So cold and chilling.
I had so much trust.
You loved me, or one day was willing.
I've never been that wrong before,
feeling so full of fright.
You've never heard me ask for more,
Until that very night.
I could not begin to tell you,
How much you hurt me so.
I never thought I'd think this,
But over you I wanted to go.*

. . . ONE YEAR LATER . . .

*Now my love for you has died,
It's at the very end.
All I wanted deep inside,
Was just to be your friend.
All the times you've hurt my heart,
I simply just can't mend.
So now I must find the strength,
to make a brand new friend.
The time has come to say goodbye.
It doesn't seem all to fair.
You know I'll always love you,
We just don't make a pair.*

. . . ONE YEAR LATER . . .

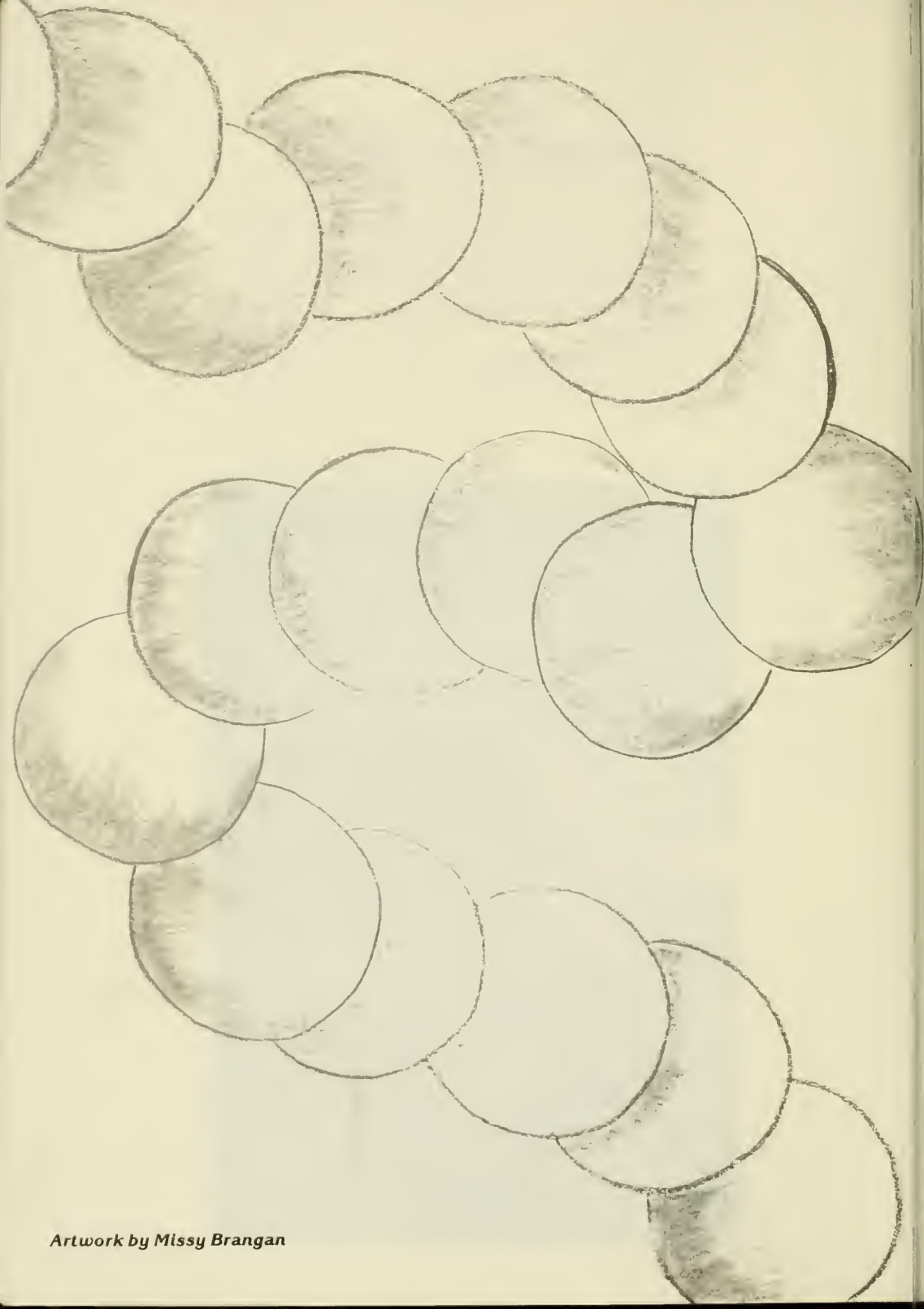
*You've begged and you've pleaded,
For me to forgive.
How could I ever love you,
For it was you, I didn't want to live.
I swore I'd never take you back,
But in your arms I lie.
No one could ever tear me away,
I am higher than the sky.*

Love is a risk,
Sometimes you feel so blue.
Love is a lot of things,
Not making someone feel the way that you do.
You told me, you still are not sure,
But we will travel life's road together.
It's only fair before we start,
To say, "I hope it goes on forever."
This poem is a poem of my feelings,
My feelings for you have no end.
Please when you read this
Remember,
All I want from you is . . .
TO BE YOUR FRIEND.

Julie Myers



Photo by Carole Bryan



Artwork by Missy Brangan

All Downhill

*Hold on Mary, Hold on tight
Just relax, it's not bad fright
Yes, we climb up that steep hill
Going down, wheee, what a thrill.*

*Now we take this turn real quick
Hang on Mary, don't get sick
Oh, my belly spins with speed
This is scary fun indeed.*

*Now we make a turn around
Now my belly can't be found
Underneath something we fly
No, no Mary we won't die.*

*See, we're stopping safe but fast
Opened up your eyes at last
You'll get to like these rides with us
It's really nice, this old school bus.*

Carney

Opinions Of Others

See Me As I Am, Not As You See Me.

*My mother sees me as the child she never really had.
My father sees me as the pathetic kid that always made him mad.
My mother always pictured me as being number one.
My father always pictured me as always being dumb.
Love filled eyes of mother for a daughter she loves so dear.
Confused eyes of father who never really cared.
To father I am considered, a burden of distressed. Who one day will have the
pleasure of removing from his nest. Mother on the other hand always at her
best, decided she would have to find a way to deal with her little pest!
Deep down inside, one day I shall find that my father loves me so. Ever but
so stubborn to ever let me know!
Father, mother, I say to thee:
See me as I am,
not as you see me.
No matter what my parents say,
No matter what they think.
No matter what they see.
To me and everyone else,
I always will be me.*

Vickie Mosby



Photo by Maggie Ellis

